The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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From the Tribune.

Love.

I give thee treasures hour by hour
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for, in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear,
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Her thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless,
Thy spirit cannot sound nor know.

Far, lingering on a distant dawn,
My triumph comes, more sweet than late,
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me,—I can wait!

Policy of Addison County Agricultural Society.

MR. EDITOR:

Allow me through your columns to make a few plain statements of facts to the farmers of this county.

In the spring of 1845 I imported ten merino ewes from Lord Wester ns flock, the most celebrated merinos then in England, at a cost of $480 I exhibited them at our County Show, in September of the same year, at Middlebury.—The judges on Sheep declined even to examine them: and when their attention was particularly called to the Sheep, they replied "that they had no time to examine them."

In 1848 Mr. Scovell of Connecticut, imported at great expense some Sheep from a noted Saxony flock in Germany; and having purchased from their stock a fine Saxony yearling ram, I entered it for a premium at the County Fair, held at Vergennes in 1850. Three of the judges this year had Saxony Sheep on the ground, and each took premiums, while mine was passed in silence. The wool of this Sheep was finer, of a handsomer crimp, and more thickly set all over the body, than that of any of its competitors. On a representation to them of this apparent unfairness, the reply was, "that they never had seen a *Saxony* Sheep of such large size and so wooly." Thus forcing on my mind the conviction, either that the judges did not know what a Saxony Sheep was, or had suffered their interest to overcome their impartiality.

In 1851, I exhibited and entered for a premium at the County Fair held at Middlebury, ten very large French Merino Ewes selected by myself, from M Cuguots flock, being one of the most noted flocks in France, at a cost there of $1000, and imported in the summer of that year. The judges, to the best of my knowledge, did not during the Fair, examine them at all.

At the Fair held this year at Middlebury, I entered for premiums a pen of 15 French Merino yearling Ewes; five older ewes, and one superior Ram Lamb for which I have refused $1000.

The Ewes were selected and imported by me from France during the last season season. The 15 ewes were entered to compete as a "Pen of the best variety," and the Lamb as the "Best ram Lamb." These Sheep met the same treatment with their predecessors, were passed without notice of any kind.

About four years ago, Alonzo L. Bingham exhibited 25 French Merino Sheep at the Show at Middlebury which I may be permitted to say were superior animals, and of more intrinsic value than all the other Sheep upon the ground. Mr. Bingham's Sheep were treated with the same neglect, and passed over without notice.

It cannot be said in excuse of these negligencies, that the different judges had no power to award premiums on the particular varieties of Sheep thus exhibited, since they have at all times a discretionary power, to grant gratuities and to make honorable mention of all meritorious articles: a power so frequently exercised by the Society, that hardly a Fair has been held in which committees have not awarded gratuities, and sometimes upon trivial articles.

Neither are these isolated cases. For to the best of my knowledge the policy of our County has been uniformly to depress and discourage all in its power, the introduction of French and other foreign Sheep. They have seemed to regard these Sheep, innocent as they are, as dangerous and heterodox animals: and that it is their especial duty to hound them out of the country, with as much asperity as if they carried French morals, and not merely French wool, upon their backs.

I have sustained the society, in my humble way, under a supposition that such organizations were intended for purposes of improvement in stock; and had supposed that steps, having a direct and manifest tendency to better the condition of the County, and to extend its reputation for choice breeds, would naturally meet with encouragement at the hands of an insitution professing to advance Agricultural interests: but, if in fact, the object is to make farmers contented with old fashioned ways, to tickle old fogies by small annual stipends, at two and a sixpence a head, and, to build up a narrow *Native American* party, then, indeed I have wholly mistaken the scope and design of agricultural associations. SOLOMON W. JEWETT,

Weybridge, Nov. 1, 1852.

Notes of Hand.—For the Register.

THE FIRST SNOW.—The first snow is a lesson. The air of the first snow is exhilerating. Such is its chemical combination that the heart dances involuntarily, coming as it does after the chemical influences of fresh verdure are passed, and a certain hardness seems to connect itself with the chill air of the dead landscape. This year, it has come while the many colored foliage, still in place, was lingering as if to charm us into the faith that nothing is ever lost till all is gone, but the first snow comes with its lesson, All is gone when its time is gone, and we shroud it. It is a lesson that the end comes, perhaps gently, whatever may be the glitter of our life.

But it is a cheerful lesson too, by which to remember our strength as well as our frailty. Men are not as the leaves, and plants. The winter is friendly to them. It confesses the energy of their natures to triumph over its cold, and yields to them in many a cozy rest, their sweetest hours There is a love that is social that wells up in the breast and mixes cheerfully with others' love, in the ruddy atmosphere of the winters hearth, in the peaceful contemplative light of the evening of industry at home. Love that likes the grove is well enough, as is the field with its verdure and dew, that prepares the plant for its harvest of bread or fruit for the sustenance or delight of man. But this is a love which passes that, and wins all the prizes of the goal,—the love of family.

The strength of which we are thus reminded was given for the protection of the objects of this love, but as the spirit of the grape is in its flesh, so wisdom is the richest endowment of strength, and love still its flavour, making its cheerful, aye, humorous counsels by the winter's fire, the richest luxury of home. Of that which is the refinement of strength it reminds us, of fitness, of proportion that shrinks from no burden,—the patience which buries violence, the weakness which supports strength,—of her whose love teaches the affections of all to fly, to feed themselves and their own, in whom is the germ of the love of home.

Of neighborly sympathy the snow reminds us, for all like ourselves, at the display of the signal of winter, flee to their homes, as the Hebrews rallied to their tents, or as the startled flock, at the noise of the hunter's tread, burst first singly, then all in a company into flight. So winter scatters the crowd of men all as with one mind, and in the window of another, as we pass, is the mirror at evening of our home, what e'er its circle may number, and winter which gathers them is their friend.

Winter's empire is absolute and patriarchal. It does not tally here with our republicanism, as the season may in some climates, where it is still shifting and changing. It spreads over the wide pole; its snow rest upon the field and fills up the interstices of the ledge and forest; cloud and wind and clear sky are but ministers of his dominancy, and night and day contribute to consolidate his power. We may play with his clearest cold and he is content, so that we never dispute his reign, but flee at night for shelter, and hold even the happiness of our homes in due subjection. He likes our enterprise in his clear mornings, and when at afternoon darkness pervades the forest and the snow begins newly to fall, he seems to withhold his might, and as it were to yield a yearning sympathy with our weakness and ignorance and delay. Some times infirmity overtakes him. A brief sirocco will sometimes begin to breathe from the south, and the old man's strong grasp of the sceptre is shaken. The bells, which chime merrily to others, to his ear are untimely and rude, till again the north is his friend, the sky darkens, and signals again begin to descend of his mighty lease of power.

Autumn, the reformed reveller, sober but genial in his age, sage but with the dregs of past indiscretion in his veins, of whose rule all are the friends, and if not chosen by the popular vote yet his continuance desired by all—is retained sometimes in spite of rumors, like Lord Elgin, and difficulties too. He sheds his sunshine on us in the Indian summer, heavenly time though only the earth takes cognizance of such an interval, that like the Shunammite slips in to comfort the heart of the effete & exhausted, and warm his beard with the glow of youth again. The old dames of the upper halls themselves consent, and concede that if spring is not to come into their own veins, the hazy air and ruddy light and summer breath of Fall may be a cordial to his age and the fount of many a blessing

The season is not yet done, nor its pleasure, nor its duty, nor its work. Its duties have become perhaps voluntary, as if to lighten its final fleeting by the play of the smaller virtues at its close.—Fences, as the last thing, are to be leveled, that cause the universal nuisance of drifting roads in winter. The children are ready to wind up the summer's reckoning, and open the score of the winter's wardrobe in good season. No doubt, allowing for differences of quality or mere material, the boys should be dressed as well as Kings, and the girls as princesses, in this free land. You may even know a handsome tree, an evergreen for instance, that you would like to see growing at such or such a place on your land, and see it flourish gloriously from year to year. Set it there. In that tree your children may see a pledge that you are not all sordid, that love for its own sake, the innocent joy of those you love and of your own heart, is something of kindred in you to Him, who makes the skies and clouds and stars beautiful, for no profit to him or you. An evergreen, that triumphs over the changes of the year, is as "a thing of beauty forever:" so is the fervour of kindness of a father's heart. The fruit tree is more precious still. It hangs out beauty as a sign of hope. Though subdued by winter it is cheerful still, and its summer's work, dating at its blossom of delight, refreshes and recreates all the year round. Though of little value now, yet set it, or a grapevine at some trellis near. Its blessings survive like a mother's, though change descends upon itself. E. ☞

Personal Letter of Mr. Webster.

The N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* makes the following extracts from a letter written to an intimate friend of his in May, 1844. It is dated Franklin, N. H., and will be read with intense interest:—

I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

This house faces due North Its front windows look towards the river Merrimack. But then the river soon turns to the South, so that the Eastern windows look towards the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we can not see its waters, without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of the streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefitted, either by my learning, or my observation, in this respect.

Look out at the East windows, at this moment (2 P. M.), with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitabel, Abigail and Sarah; good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and he does now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin—a white forehead—a thin cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is malancholly—and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all?

This fair field is before me—I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Some how, I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay, with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abel Foster, M. D., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay cock. He said, "My son, that is a worthy man—he is a member of Congress—he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here." "My dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest"—and I remember to have cried—and I cry now, at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me—I now live for my children: I could not give your elder brothers the advantages for knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—*learn—learn*—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Philips Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbot, still living.

My father died in April, 1806. I neither left him, nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes, in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age—after a life of exertion, toil and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a Legislator, a judge—everything that a man could be, to whom learning never disclosed her "ample page."

My first speech at the bar, was made when he was on the bench—he never heard me a second time.

He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was decidedly religious, but not sour—on the contrary, good humored, facetious—showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all as alabaster—gentle, soft, playful—and yet having a heart in him, that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was, but cheerfulness, good humored, and smiles composed his most usual aspect.

Ever truly, your friend,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Further Particulars of Mr. Webster.

The Funeral.

At first the coffin, closed up with a glass over the face, had been placed in the library, and, therefore, few, comparatively, could once more see the features they all had known so well; for nothing was more remarkable in that vast gathering than the gravity and decorum which prevailed. All stepped as though stepping on holy ground — all drew their breath softly, as though fearing to disturb the repose of the solemn sleeper. Hence few, very few, comparatively, entered the house; consequently, as was said, Mrs Webster, with a true instinct, directed that the coffin should be carried out and placed in the midst of the friends, neighbors, and fellow-countrymen, who had gathered from many far off places to pay the last tribute at his grave. This was done, the lid was removed—and there he lay—attired, not with the unsightly shroud, but, as so often all had seen him in his blue coat and white waistcoat, and white cravat—the black hair, thinned, indeed, by years and toil and sorrow, still with raven hue predominating over the silvery threads which time was spreading there—that noble forehead, the palace of thought, white and clear—the eyes, luminous, indeed no longer, and to flash no more on earth forever, yet only seeming to sleep, that marvelous mouth, mute, yet with the upper lip slightly retracted, and just showing the teeth—that lip, of which the writhings could move to tears or to terror—all speechless, yet seeming as if about to speak; there he lay, and it *was* hard to believe—

"Ere yet Decay's effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where genius lingers,"

that he was gone forever. Thousands after thousands passed in silence and in sadness by that coffin, looking their last upon that noble form and face, until the minister of God—the young clergyman of the village church—standing in the porch of the house, raised his tremulous voice and uttered his fervent prayer—unheard indeed by the listening thousands on the lawn, but yet joined instinctively from the throbbing hearts of all. This ended, a plain wagon body, covered with black cloth, and drawn by two black horses, each led by a laboring man, was drawn up in front of the house, and the coffin was placed upon it by the hands of six neighbors—farmers; aged men, with uncovered heads, silvered by age, with forms erect and vigorous; of grave aspect and slow but firm tread.—The mournful procession then set forth from the abode of the living to the narrow house of the dead. There was no pomp, no plumes, no "storied urn," no scarfs—nothing but the solemn Dead, and the sorrowing thousands who mourned him in their hearts. The son of Mr. Webster his only surviving child, accompanied by his three sons, followed the coffin; then other male relatives and members of the family and the colored servants, men and women, six in number—all dressed in mourning.

After them followed the great of the earth, who had come there to render in person, and as representing others—States—cities — professions — the last homage to his surpassing patriotism. As the long line wound round the hillock and through the valley, and again up the acclivity where the tomb was placed, the whole air a "solemn stillness held," and except in the measured tread of the procession scarce a sound was audible. On reaching the appointed place a short prayer was said, and the immediate relatives retired, leaving the mighty dead in the care of the assembled people, and of the personal friends immediately charged with the details of the funeral. And now it was found that a new accession of some two thousand persons, perhaps, arrived by steamboat, were on the ground, and anxious once again to look upon the face of the man. Again the coffin lid was removed, and before the portals of that tomb which opened to receive its prey, the new comers passed in procession, two and two, dividing at the coffin and proceeding on each side of it, till all had looked upon him. And honorable was it to our common nature—this strange and unwonted spectacle—for it presented no single instance of levity, or even of mere unseemly curiosity. It was the gratification of a strong and earnest feeling, and the countenances of the passers-by were grave and sad, as each had lost a near and dear companion, counsellor and friend.

At last came the hour, the parting hour, when the body of Daniel Webster was to be shut out till the final doom from the light of day—the jaws of the inexorable tomb were closed, and noiselessly, gravely, melted away that aggregate of thousands—and he was left alone—alone on the sterile New England hill—in sight of the old grey Ocean which he so much loved, and whose hoarse voice sounding, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be—will unceasingly chaunt his requiem.

It has been my fortune to see many imposing celebrations — many grand spectacles of public joy and public sorrow—of triumphs and of mourning, but never did I see before, and never do I expect to see again, a people mourning, each with the sense of a personal bereavement, as Massachusetts mourned her greatest son. I say Massachusetts, for although Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, were there too, by large and honorable delegations, the great mass were Massachusetts men—men of the soil—emphatically the yeomanry—men born free, and knowing how to enjoy and how to maintain freedom. It is not exaggeration to say that I did not hear a loud word, nor a laugh. I scarcely saw a smile among the whole assembly—the absence of anything like a holiday feeling or deportment—the ever-present consciousness that a great calamity had fallen upon all—distinguished this vast assemblage from anything of the sort I have seen elsewhere: and the spell of this feeling was not broken even after leaving the ground, for in driving homeward all the carriages were in long, long files—there was still much gravity and silence.

Mr. Webster's Disease.

The Boston *Atlas* has the following in regard to the developements of the post mortem examination of Mr. Webster's body:

We learn that a very careful, minute and accurate examination was made, under the eye of one of the best living morbid anatomists, and the results carefully noted down. We presume that they will be, in due time, carefully collated and made public, as they will be of equal interest to the admirers of his intellectual greatness and to the scientific world. We understand that at a recent meeting of a medical society, some of the more striking results of the examination were stated, and formed the subject of an interesting scientific discussion. The cerebral organs were of the very largest known capacity, exceeding by thirty *per centum* the average weight of human brain: and with only two known exceptions (Cuvier and Dupuytren) the largest of which there is any record. It is also worthy of remark that a well marked effusion upon the Arachnoid membrane was discovered in these investigations although there was no perceptible evidence of any lesion during Mr Webster's lifetime. It is supposed to have been caused by his severe fall from his carriage in Kingston last spring. It is a remarkable physiological fact, that an injury which would have impaired the intellect, if not at once caused death in another, should in this instance have been attended with so little external evidence of so important an injury to a vital organ.

THE WILL.

Mr. Webster made his will only a few days since, signing it on Thursday last. It was drawn up under his direction by George T. Curtis, Esq.

It gives the Marshfield property to the widow during her lifetime, and then transfers it to Fletcher Webster—the only living child of the deceased statesman—whose son, Daniel—an unusually intelligent and manly lad of about 12 years—succeeds to the inheritance. Mr. Webster's grandchildren by his daughter, Mrs. Appleton, are already very wealthy, so that no injustice is done them in this bequest. He did not forget his numerous friends and relatives, but left to very many of them little marks of his favor, and memorials of the dead. James W. Paige, R. H Blatchford and Fletcher Webster, are the Executors, and Mrs. Webster, Executrix. Edward Curtis and Peter Harvey, are the Trustees on the behalf of the widow.

AN INCIDENT.

A little incident which occurred only a day or two before Mr. Webster's death, illustrates in some degree the power of a strong will, over even an enlightened frame. A document for the State Department was brought to him to sign; his signature was appended, but by a hand so tremulous that it could hardly be recognized. "Bring me another," said Mr. Webster, cheerfully, as he looked upon his work.—"It will never do to send *that* to Washington; they will think it came from a sick man." Then, nerving himself with a strong effort of will, he seized the pen again, and affixed as bold and decided a signature, as ever in his days of youthful, healthful prime "There, that will do," said the expiring Secretary, as he sank back again exhausted.

WILD RICE.—In the muddy places of some northern lakes, there grows a serial named wild rice, which is used by the Indians; and by those who have partaken of it, we have been informed that it was equally as palatable as the cultivated rice of the South. An acquaintance of ours was recently in Canada, and visited Rice Lake, a shallow body of fresh water, near Coburg, where this edible grows in great luxuriance, and is claimed by the Indians there as their especial harvest property. It is about twice as long as common rice and is of a dark color. There is a sort of coarse bran like husk; the plants stand as closely together as oats in a well cultivated field. The squaws and Indians gather it in their canoes by holding the heads over their canoe and beating them with heavy round sticks. They kiln dry it in their own way, and then thresh the grain out in a small hole in the ground, often lined with a deer skin. This is done by treading it with the feet or pounding it with an Indian pestle, just as they choose.

On the banks of the lake may be found a kind of grass which is not seen elsewhere, and which appears to be an imperfect kind of rice. The rice will grow in deep water say twelve or fourteen feet, but does not there bring the grain to maturity. Flocks of ducks, in astonishing variety and number, frequent the lake in the autumn, and grow so fat that they can scarcely raise themselves from from the water. But they are well aware of this misfortune, and manage to keep out of the way nearly as at other times.

COM. PORTER'S REVOLVER.—We witnessed a trial of it at a shooting gallery in the city a few days since. It is saying none too much to speak of it as the most effective, rapid, and powerful revolver that we have seen tried. The arrangement in the weapon used, admits of only eighteen percussion caps, and consequently of only eighteen successive discharges. These were made within the space of time required to pull the trigger for each discharge and the few seconds occupied in taking out the cylinder and substituting another.—This operation was quite as rapid as the ordinary adjustment of a percussion cap and was completed in an instant.

Some idea of the force of the gun may be gathered from the fact, that immediately after the eighteenth was fired, there was a rush into the gallery, of persons stating that a man was shot by one of the balls. The alarm proved false; but, on examination, it was found that several of the balls had gone entirely through the thick plate of boiler iron placed behind the target, and through a rear partition, into rooms beyond. The soldier armed with this weapon, may carry four of the loaded cylinders in his pocket, and thus discharge thirty-six balls in rapid succession, without pausing, and without reference to light or darkness, rain or sun. Such weapons, whether they be peace makers or otherwise, cannot fail to exert their influence in the quarrels of the nations, and will help to prevent or rapidly settle them.—*N. Y. Adv.*

The Havana Difficulty.

The recent proceedings of the authorities of Cuba, in reference to the detention of the barque Cornelia, and the refusal to allow the mail steamer Crescent City to land her passengers, have called forth strong manifestations of public feeling in various cities. New York and New Orleans have been the scenes of large meetings, at which the action of the Captain General of Cuba has been denounced in terms not less severe than those applied to the rule imposed by Spain upon the richest of her colonies.

The two occurrences, as now understood, are well calculated to produce this excitement. It is alleged, in one instance, that a mail steamer was not permitted to enter the port of Havana, or to land her passengers, in consequence of having as her purser an individual who has incurred the displeasure of the local authorities; and, in the other, that a New York barque was temporally seized by Spanish troops, her master carried on shore in custody without proper pretence, and that her letter-bags were rifled in search of letters and documents of an obnoxious character. This is the stat em ent as it is new before the American people; and we admit that if the facts be as they are thus described; they afford justification for much of the criticism that has emanated from the press upon the subject.

At present, however, we are in possession of only *ex parte* representations. Our Government have no knowledge of either of the cases beyond that derived from the published accounts, which, however accurate in their general tenor, scarcely form satisfactory data for the direction of governmental policy.

With the view of ascertaining the whole aspect of the affair, it is understood that Judge Conkling has been instructed, during his stay at Havana, to obtain a full and authentic statement of the facts connected with the proceedings. The country will perceive, therefore, that the Government are not indifferent to the force of the events, or unmindful of the steps which they have rendered necessary. What further action may be called for in the premises, is a question altogether dependent upon the result of the inquiry now authorized.—*Washington Republic.*

JESTING ON THE DEATHBED—CURIOUS DYING SCENES.—According to Fielding Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary, while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconvenience and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but, to oblige his sister he postponed his departure until the three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and expired by arrangement. When the three sons of Diagoras, of Rhodes, were crowned at the Olympic games, "Die Diagoras," whispered a friend by Lacedæmonian, "for you are too happy to live any longer."—He took the hint, and forthwith expired of joy in the arms of his children. The Emperor Vespasian, on his deathbed, sarcastically remarked to his courtiers and flatterers, "I feel that I am about becoming a god!" The first Darius, King of Persia, when dying desired to have this intellectual epitaph engraved on his tomb: "Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering." Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to enquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he felt his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said, "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to enquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest, let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the king, Louis XIV. being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau, to beg him, for the credit of the court, to die like a christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but, turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess take care or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Timely Anecdote of an Office Seeker.

A man writing from Washington at the coming in of our last National Magistrate, gave this graphic sketch of a Sucker office seeker:

One fellow came here from Illinois, and was introduced to a wag, who he was told had "great influence at court," and who, although destitute of any such pretensions, kept up the delusion for the sake of the joke. The Sucker addressed the man of influence in this wise:

"Now, stranger, look at these papers. Them names is the first in our town. There's Deacon Styles—there ain't no demur to the Deacon. And there's Rod Giles our shoemaker, he made them boots I've got on, and they'll pass anywhere. You would not think them soles had walked more than three hundred miles of Hoosier mud; but they *her* tho', and are sound yet. Esq. Jefferson Golding, the lawyer—you've hearn of him. Just you go to Illinois, and *ax* about me. You'll see how I stand. Then you ask Turner, our Constable—*he* knows me, ask *him* what I did for the party. He'll tell you I was a screamer at the polls—nothing else. Now I've come all the way from Illinois, and a-foot most of the way, to see if I could have justice. They told me to take a town office to hum! but I must have something that pays aforehand — such as them "*char-jays*," as they call 'em. I hain't got only seven dollars left, and I can't wait. Just git me one of them "*char-jays*," will ye? Them'll do. Tell the old man how it is; he'll do it.—He *must!* I've airnt the office and want it bad!"

Doubtless he *had* "airnt" the office. Few persons who go to Washington and *wait* for an office, but what earn it, whether they obtain it or not.

—The annual meeting of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance was held at Montpelier on Wednesday. The following officers were elected for the coming year:—on Thursday the 20th and 21st ult.

G. W. P.—W. W Wells of Waterbury.
G. W. A.—Jacob Dewey of Middlebury.
G. Sc—R. Tute of East Burke.
G. T.—Justus Cobb of Middlebury.
G. Chap—Rev. R. S Cushman of Orwell.
G. C.—B. W Burt of Castleton.
G. Sen.—Charles Wollston of West Rutland.

The next quarterly meeting of the Grand Division is to be held at West Rutland, in connection with the annual meeting of the State Temperance Society. The next annual meeting is to be held at Brattleboro.

☞ Two hundred and sixty-one vessels arrived at San Francisco in July and August.—This is equal to 1560 a year, and it must be recollected that these vessels are mostly of the largest class, 700 to 1800 tuns burden. Of this number seventeen were from New York, fourteen from Boston, and from *China* twenty-six. The trade between China and the Pacific coast continues to increase rapidly, and there is no diminution in the number of Chinamen passengers arriving. The duties on foreign goods this year are estimated at three millions.

For the Middlebury Register.

A Card.

We desire through the Register, to acknowledge our obligations to those friends who have contributed so liberally for the comfort of that missionary home, which we hope soon to occupy. We rejoice to commend you all, at Thetford, Middlebury and Cornwall, to him who "loveth a cheerful giver." Be assured, we shall remember you when on our voyage, for there are favors designed for the comfort of that voyage. When traveling over the mountains and along the plains of Asia Minor, we shall remember you, for you have remembered our wants on that weary journey. When laboring to re kindle the light of a pure Christianity in Armenia, we shall remember you, for very many things around us will testify of you. That the God of missions may reward your liberality, by permitting you to see the people of Turkey, and with them, all the Nations of Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea, the humble followers of our Lord, is the prayer of your sincere friends—

WILSON A. FARNSWORH,
CAROLINE E. P. FARNSWORTH.

Thetford, Vt, Oct. 26th 1852.

☞ To transplant evergreens, one point attended to, will result in success—this is, remove plenty of earth with the roots.